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JOHN SAVAGE'S *Notebook*



**MORE GREAT BONDAGE PHOTOGRAPHED BY THE
MASTER HIMSELF • NEW BONDAGE FICTION • PLUS A
BEVY OF BEAUTIES BOUND WITH THE "SAVAGE" TOUCH**

All models are 18 years or older. For sale to adults only.

JOHN SAVAGE'S

NUMBER THREE

SAVAGE TALK

It is nice to know that I am "the greatest bondage expert of all time," and that I "could have taught John Willie a thing or two." It's also humbling to know that I "tie sloppy knots," "am far too rough on the girls," and "don't understand what bondage is all about."

These are just a few of the comments written to me since the first issue of John Savage's Notebook was published. Now two issues have been in your hands and the feedback has been interesting, to say the least. For the most part it has been complimentary, and I thank you for that. But it has also proven, once again, that you can't please all the people all the time.

The majority of letters are general compliments or deal with individual preferences as to the type of girls, dress and bondage that they would like to see in my Notebooks. It quickly becomes obvious that no one magazine can (or should try to) please everyone. There is just too much diversity in tastes.

I will have to be honest and say that, although I would love to please everybody, I am going to continue with my oft stated policy of tying the girls, posing them, shooting them, writing about them, and presenting them within the confines of this magazine, only one way — the way I like them.

If that sounds dictatorial, so be it. I never said I was a nice guy.

I know a great deal of you out there like the same things I do. The same good, tight, escape-proof bondage. The same lovely girls. Sometimes clothed, sometimes naked. Even down to my fondness for seeing girls in tight ropes smiling. And I will continue to provide that type of entertainment to the best of my ability.

Stepping down from my soapbox, I will now answer a few questions that have come across my desk. I don't mean the kind that goes, "Why don't you do more ace bandage bondage..." or "Why don't you tie the big toes to their ears?" I mean the type that may be of general interest to the readers.

Several letters wanted to know what article was referred to on the cover of John Savage's Notebook #1 when it said "Special Classic 'Damsels in Distress' Photos from the Past!" Those letters correctly pointed out that there were only a few photos that could be called from the past and they were included with the Bondage Techniques article on the hogtie. I explained in the editorial of issue #2, but will repeat since I still get inquiries. That cover headline referred to an article called "Blast from the Past" that was left out of Issue #1 for technical reasons. The article was included in JSN #2 and, because of very positive response, another "Blast from the Past" will be included in this issue.

Readers, I have found out once again, are very astute. More so than the man who does our layout work. Several letters came in asking about a comment on page 32 of JSN #1, at the end of the article on Stella. It read, "Please note who gets to kiss the model. It wasn't the photographer, Damn!" But nothing on that page could possibly have generated that comment. This was again caused by a photo being left out of the article when it was cut and pasted into the magazine layout. You see, I simply provide a set of 8x10 photos to the layout man, along with the written stories, articles, editorials, etc. He is the one who decides where each photo should be printed, what size, etc. And, to a certain extent, which photos will be included and which will not. I try to provide him with as large a selection of photos for each article as I can. It sometimes happens that he does not use every photo I provide. This was the case in Stella's article.

HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS —
CELEBRATING THE PSYCHO-
LOGICAL POWER OF THE BOUND
BEAUTY WHOSE "LOVE
BONDAGE" IS AS MUCH FOR HER
PLEASURE AS OURS!



The photo that was omitted appears with this editorial. We had just finished shooting that set where she was tied wearing that darling little overall. I was checking the camera to see how many shots were left on that roll of film. When I looked up, I found Stella leaning forward and touching noses with one of my dogs. Stella had been petting Tanya all day and they had become good friends. Since I had one last picture on the roll, I snapped it as quickly as I could and caught this unusual scene. A scene which helps explain the expression, "Lucky Dog!"

Occasionally a letter comes in that asks to see what a model looks like without ropes all over her. Seems like a strange request to me since they obviously look better entwined in tight ropes, but I will slip in a photo now and then showing a model in some candid pose.

A few letters have inquired about my private life. Not prying, but general questions, like am I married? Does my wife like bondage? Is bondage photography my full time profession? Questions like these made me realize that those of us who create bondage scenes and fantasies for the enjoyment of others rarely let anyone know about ourselves.

I will therefore take the risk of boring most of you for the next paragraph or two and give you a quick tour of John Savage's private life.

I am 41 years old (as of this writing), live in Newport Beach, California with my much younger wife, Melody, one daughter and a son due to be delivered about the time this magazine hits the bookstores. We have three large dogs who think they are wolves, and a cat who thinks it is the true ruler of the house. My wife is very much into the bondage scene and loves to be tied up, the tighter and more helpless, the better. Although she is not a professional model, she has appeared in some of my magazines, including the Notebooks. I'll let you guess which photos are of her.

And, no, I am not a full time bondage photographer. My main profession is as a writer in a field unrelated to bondage, and designer of microcomputer software.

And, yes, those photos of that handsome guy included with each editorial are me. I will have to be honest and admit that some of them were taken a few years ago. The one in JSN #1 was taken in 1970 and is part of one of the very first bondage photo sets I ever took. The photo in JSN #2 was taken only a few months ago and shows me tying Monique to a post in my cluttered garage. One of these days I'll get up the courage to print a good photo of the noble Savage features. But not in this issue.

As usual I've rambled more than enough. In your hands is another issue of Savage bondage, new girls, some old faces, but all in good, strict bondage. I hope you enjoy it.

P.O. Box 4468
Irvine, CA 92716

P.S.

Please keep the letters coming in. I enjoy hearing from you all and who knows, maybe some of your suggestions will sink into this hard head.

John Savage

JOHN SAVAGE'S NOTEBOOK, NUMBER 3, FEBRUARY 1985

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THE HARMONY PHILOSOPHY

What is most discouraging to us about this business are the prevailing social misconceptions concerning bondage, at least the benevolent, romantic type of bondage that we produce. For the unenlightened, what we represent and advocate really needs to be clarified. In that spirit, the following general explanation is at least a start.

It has never been nor will it ever be our purpose to depict women as mere subordinates to men. These pictures and articles are not about that. The materials we produce are carefully and, we think, obviously designed for men and women to whom bondage is an important *mutual* diversion, a recreational and benevolent experience, a fantasy with a happy ending, a good-natured game in which everybody wins.

It is not the pleasure of our patrons nor our intention to offend or demean or abuse or exploit or disadvantage, be aggressive against, or cause even the slightest pain to our models, or to suggest that such is occurring to the ladies they are portraying. We do not characterize victims; we characterize *lovers* who are mutually involved in a complex and bizarre, but highly stimulating personal activity. The taste we reflect is *mutually* exciting and pleasurable — the bondage can be for the sake of sexual teasing or foreplay; or the acting out of a benign rescue fantasy with slightly juvenile undertones; or just the sweet and secret, simple sharing of a very special physical intimacy between caring persons. Whichever of these it is, we have characterized it on our pages as "Love Bondage."

While we cannot police the motives and psyches of our customers, we can and do shape our materials for completely benevolent natures only — either the adult who was imprinted during adolescence by the thrilling and heroic adventure story rescue of a bound and gagged and ultimately loving female, or the male or female adult whose basic nature identifies with the female in bondage and craves to personally experience those same offbeat sensations for either deeply psychological reasons, or, to state this in the simplest possible terms, *because it actually feels good, safe and comforting even*. He or she is wrapped up tightly and snugly, there is a feeling of

being protected, and the rope becomes surrogate for a protective lover's arms. It is to please and satisfy those two natures, and they alone, that we create these visual fantasies.

Conversely, those persons in search of darker, less pleasant bondage themes must look elsewhere, for there is really nothing for them here. Our materials are just not for people who enjoy scenes of human mistreatment. If such people do show up on our mailing list from time to time, they certainly have no reason to linger, since what they are seeking is probably the exact spiritual opposite of what we have to offer.

Good drama does not exist without conflict, and there will necessarily be the blending of bondage with actual danger in some of the text fiction that we publish. But these situations will be so obviously far-fetched or tongue-in-cheek that they are clearly not to be taken any more seriously than a comparable paperback tale or television episode containing the same elements. But in all of the photos that we present, be they from contributors or our own associates, the woman is there willingly, even gladly, and for her own reasons. Were she not, we would not publish the picture.

Therefore, the bondage that is dramatized here is an essentially gentle act used by lovers to intensify their physical and spiritual closeness. She gets to belong utterly to someone she loves, and to be adored for what he perceives as the prettiness of her dependency on him. She has surrendered for him that part of her independence she *doesn't* want. They are fortune-blessed soul-mates, theirs is completely a mutual act of trust, love, appreciation of themselves and each other. And the readers who look on perceive her bondage as physically and spiritually pleasing to her — she knows that it has more to do with being wanted than abused. Were that not the case, we would ourselves be offended.

Our bondage has absolutely nothing to do with demeaning anyone. It is totally and utterly a bilateral activity, and, were it not, we wouldn't have anything to do with it.

HARMONY COMMUNICATIONS

A COMFORTABLE HOGTIE

A little while ago, a friend dropped by and asked that I tie his wife up. Jim wanted something that would hold her secure for a long period of time but would not cause her any excessive discomfort. She had done some little act that displeased him and he decreed that she should spend some time in tight bondage, thinking about her misdeed.

Unfortunately his rope technique ran along the lines first developed by Torquemato during the Inquisition. The only way he knew how to tie was so tight that her eyes were bulging. Great if you like the Popeye look but not so suited to long term bondage. So he brought her over so she would be put in the right kind of bondage and he could take notes for the next time he would need to do it on her. Which, knowing them, would probably be only a few days later.

I began by dressing her properly. Actually it was more of undressing her properly, but the final package was rather pretty either way. The black bra and panties went well with Linda's blonde hair.

First her hands were crossed behind her back and tied with wrappings of rope. The idea was to tie them firm enough to prevent escape but not tight enough to create any circulation problems. A scarf gag was added to remind her not to talk. Then her legs were tied together above and below, the knees, again firmly but not overly tight. It is quite possible to tie a girl completely escape-proof and not use extremely tight ropes. But they must be firm enough to hold the wrists or legs without slipping or getting loose.

Since I had planned all along to make the finished product a hogtie, I left some rope coming off her ankle bondage. We took a little break to have her pose in different positions while I took photos to provide a visual record for Jim to follow in future sessions.

She was then placed onto her stomach and the final bondage applied. It was simply the linking of her wrist bondage with her ankle bondage but it limited her freedom considerable. A few more photos were taken during which her bra strap somehow came undone and her panties slipped down a bit. Jim might have had something to do with that.

It being nearly dinnertime, Jim and I did the only reasonable thing. He went and got a pizza and we sat down for a nice evening of Monday Night Football (the Rams lost). I checked on Linda now and then but the bondage, while holding her quite securely, was creating no circulation problems.

Not that she didn't have problems. After the first hour or so of laying alone on a bed in the dark, she grew a little restless. It might have been the smell of the pizza, but something was making her discontented. Jim simply told her to think about being a better wife and then told her how long she was going to stay there. I don't think she believed him.

She should have. She spent many hours that night laying alone in a nice, firm hogtie. After the football game there was an interesting movie on, so Jim and I watched it. Then we talked for a while. When Linda was finally untied she was promising to be a very good little wife.

But knowing her, she probably found something to make Jim have to tie her again. And, based on the smile I saw on her face as he led her to their car, I'm sure it wasn't too long before she found a way to make him make good on his promise to leave her hogtied all night.





BLAST FROM THE PAST: LESLIE

Back in the early 1970's, I used to recruit models from the coeds of the university where I was finishing my B.S. One of the most unusual and beautiful girls from that period was Leslie.

I don't remember what major she was or much else about her, but I can't forget those dark, piercing dark eyes. I can remember times when I asked her to put on a defiant look even though she was bound up and naked, and the results were a look that could turn a man's blood to ice.

Leslie was about the only coed model that I shot exclusively in the nude. The only exception I can recall was one series where she was wearing a half slip and I removed that before the series ended. Being nude was mostly her idea. She seemed more at home with all her clothes off than most girls do with them on. I remember too how she used to tease me that she could get out of most of the ways I tied her. Most of the shooting sessions I was too busy trying to get good photos for the Best of Bondage magazines I was shooting at that time and didn't really have the time to put her claims to a test. But a few times I did tell her to go ahead and she proved herself an escape artist of some talent. Which meant that I had to be more careful in tying her. Oh, I could always tie her well enough to make escape impossible, but one had to be very careful with that girl. She could find a loose knot no matter where it was and wiggle ropes loose with the best of them.

There was a great deal of bondage that I wanted to try on Leslie and it was with real regret that the school year ended. I don't know the reason, but I was unable to find her the next fall.

I hope you enjoy seeing another piece of bondage history.





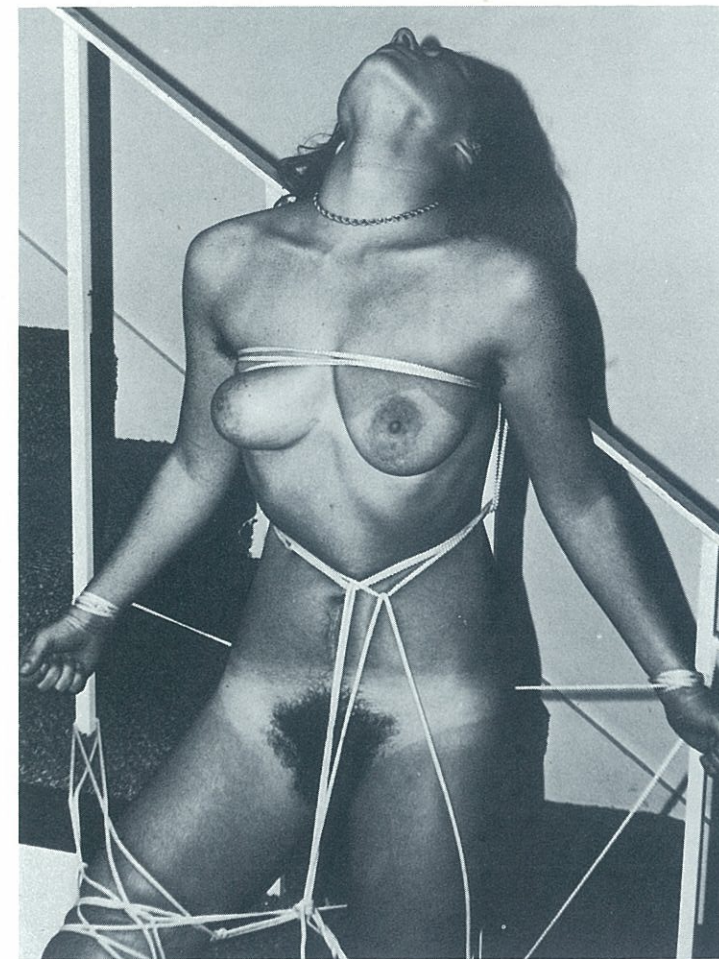
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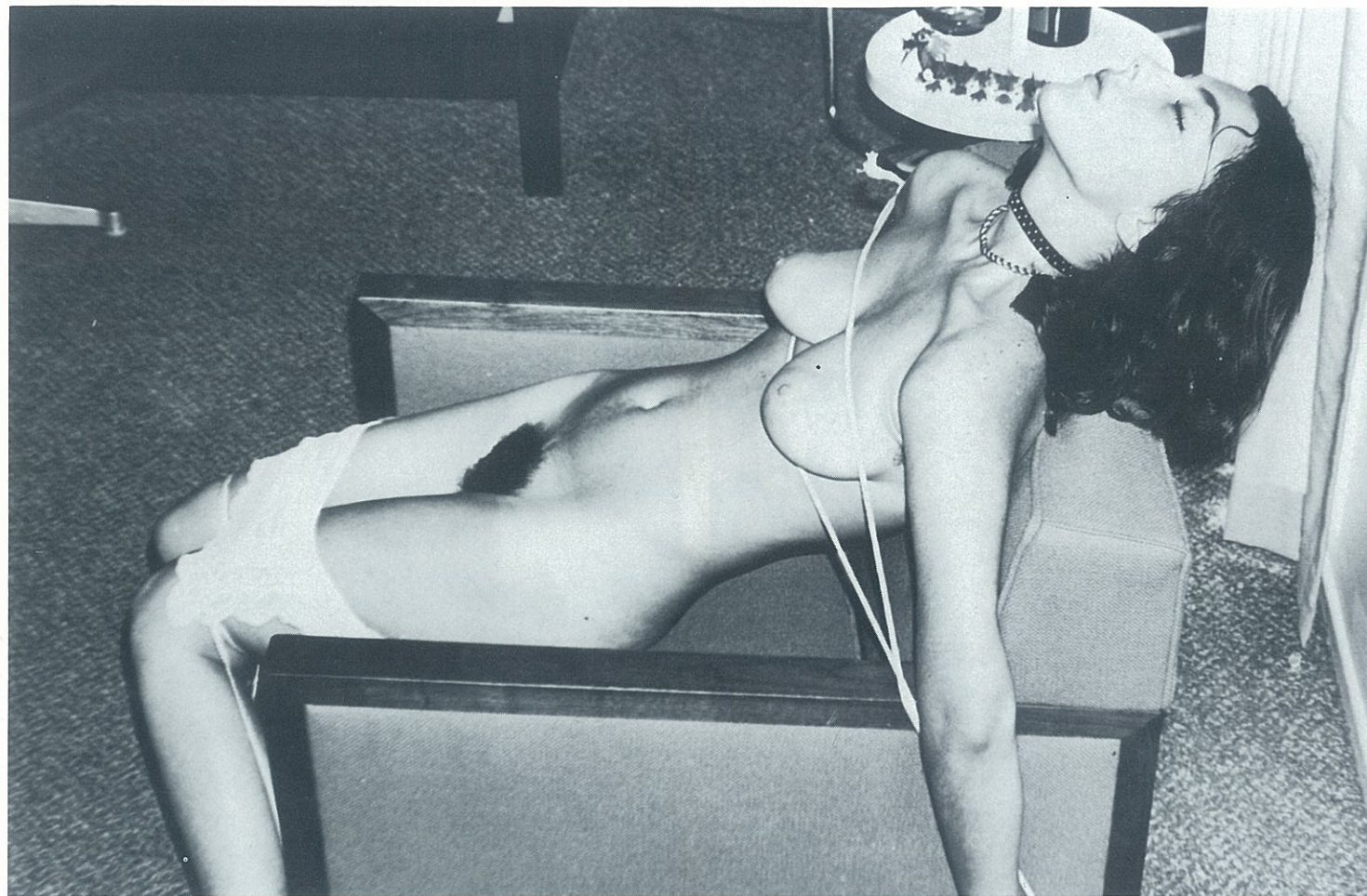


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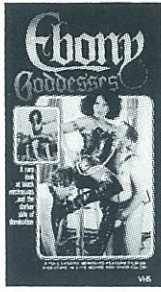


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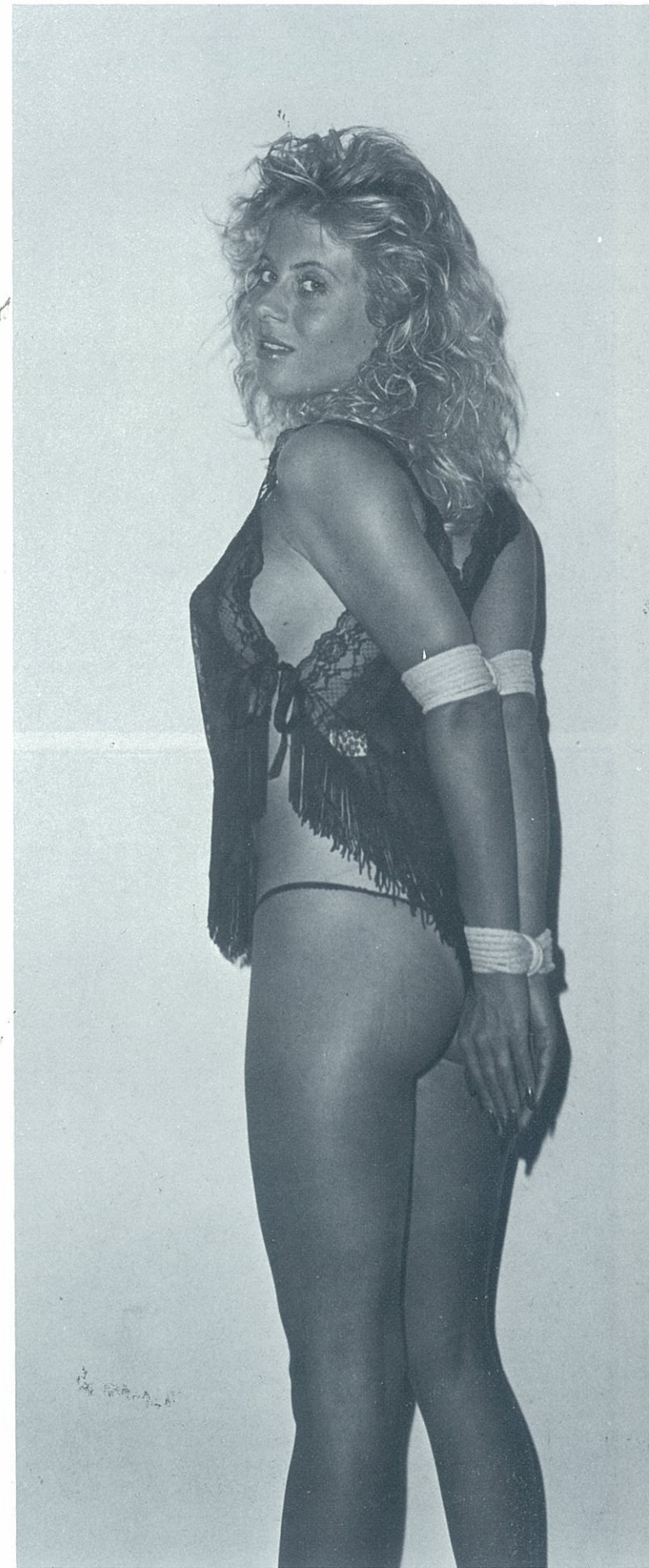
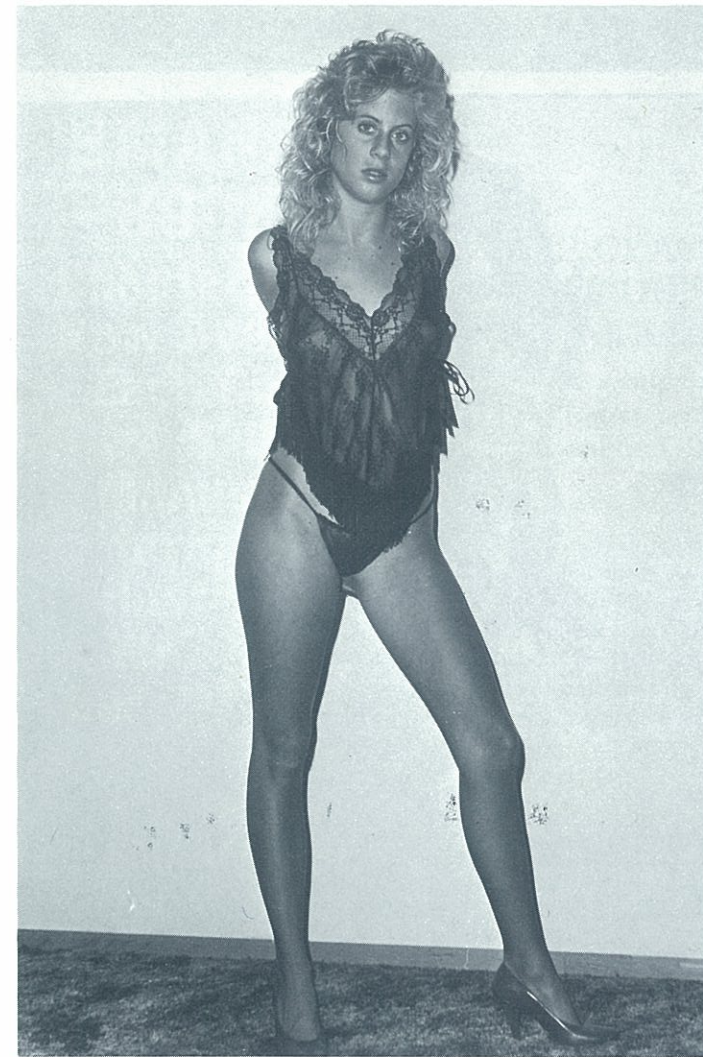
BLONDE BEAUTY IN BONDAGE

Our feature article of this issue is on a newcomer to the bondage field, Tanya Vaness, a very lovely blonde with long legs and a delightful pair of...Well, let's just say she has a full, very pleasing figure.

Being new to the bondage modeling field, I started Tanya off with a simple tie, just her arms bound behind her, elbows touching, while she wore a lacy black see-through top and one of the briefest pairs of panties I've ever seen. She reported that she had never known she could touch her elbows behind her back until then.

The next series did not change her costume (I rather like that outfit), but had her bound to a chair. Usually when I tie a girl to a chair, I wrap rope around her hips and waist to hold her firmly in the chair. But this time I left the hips free and secured her at the top and bottom only. By that I mean that I tied her hands behind the chair, then wrapped the top part of her body to the chair-back with some large nylon rope. Her legs were pulled back and the ankles tied to the back chair legs. An old tie of mine provided the gag and Tanya was chair-bound.

My theory was that not tying the hips down would not lessen the security (escape-proofness) of the tie, and might make for some more interesting struggles as she tried to free herself. Under the threat of a good tickling with a feather duster, Tanya put in a valiant effort to free herself from the ropes. She twisted nicely this way and that, but the only real freedom of movement she had was to thrust her hips forward, then sit back down on the chair. One of these days I am going to have to catch that on video tape. It was a most interesting stationary dance.





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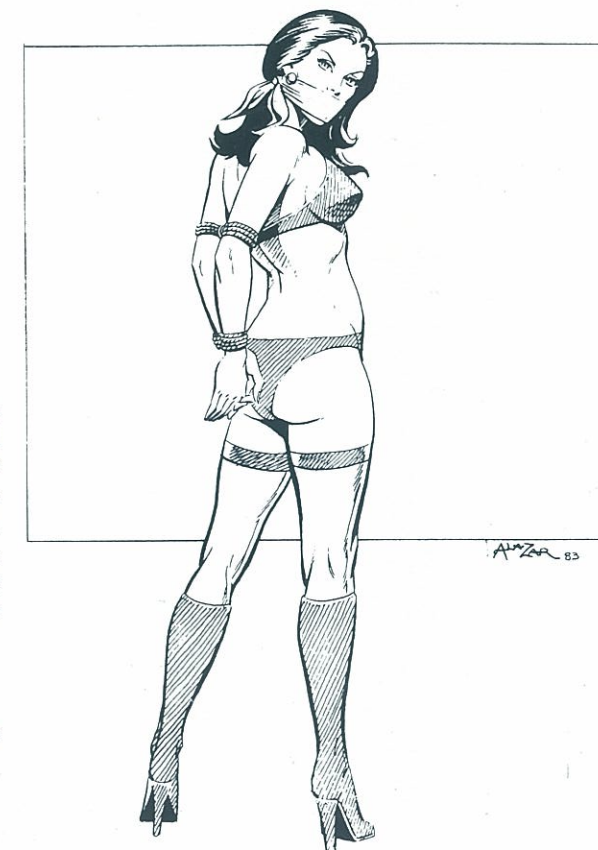
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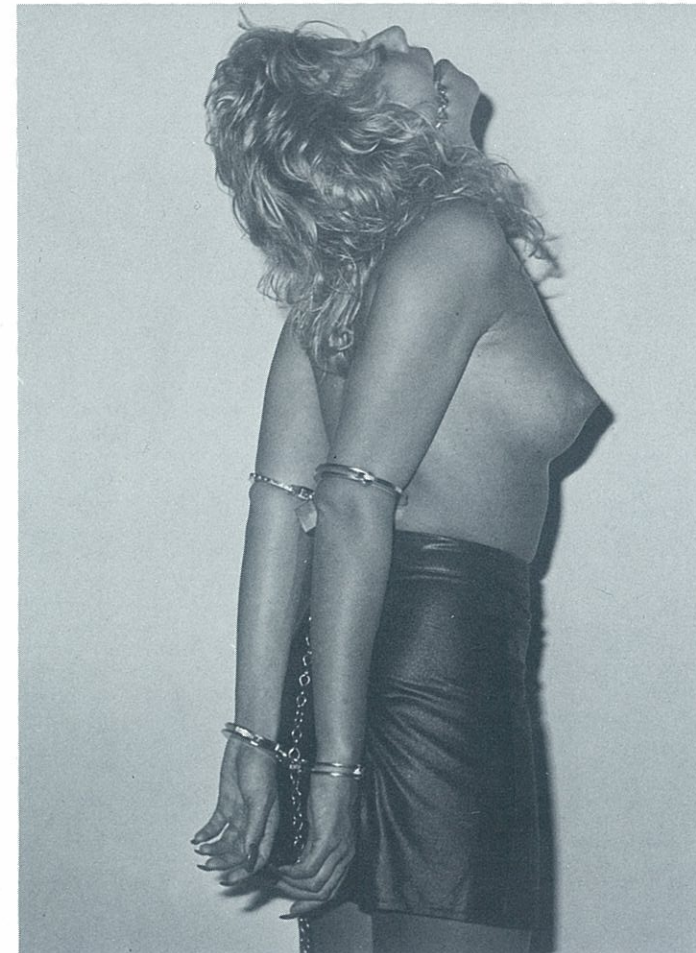


There are those readers who have favorite ways of binding and making helpless a girl, other than just tying with rope. I should know, I get enough letters filled with suggestions. And occasionally I do some bondage with other than ropes, but, as you should have guessed by now, rope is far and away my favorite. When I use handcuffs and chains for bondage, I like to do more than just cuff her hands in front of her. An example is Tanya here.



After the chair bondage, we changed her costume to a delightful and very short black leather skirt. Then I handcuffed her hands in front of her but added a short piece of chain around her neck and a padlock. The net result is like a scene from the "Story of O" where she is secured in her bed with her hands cuffed to her neck so she can sleep comfortably but not be able to touch her own body.

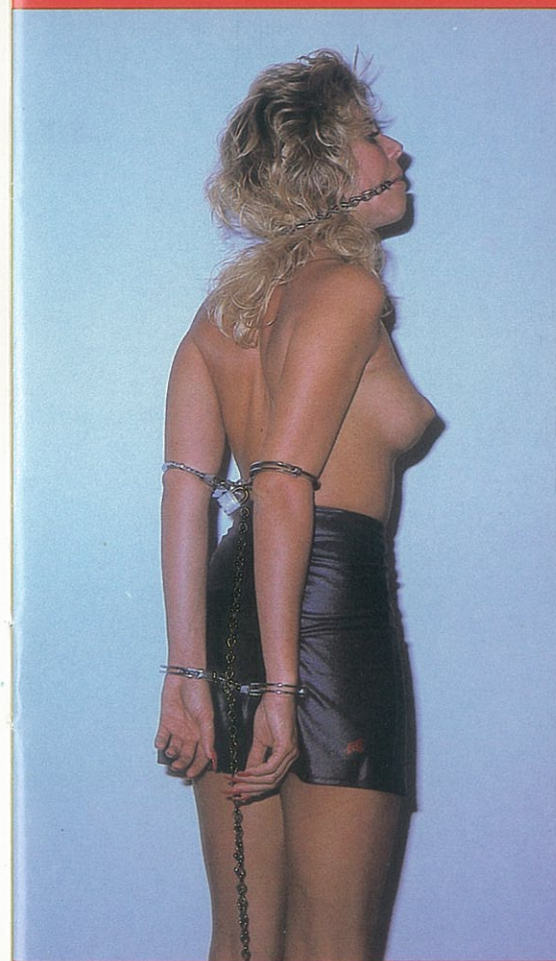
A Savage variation of the handcuffed hands behind the back followed in which she not only had her wrists handcuffed, but also her elbows. Another pair of handcuffs locked on to her ankles. A bit of chain running from her ankles to her elbows and two more padlocks provided a nice touch that made her feel much more helpless and made her clank when she moved around. A short piece of chain and a small lock made an interesting and unremovable gag.

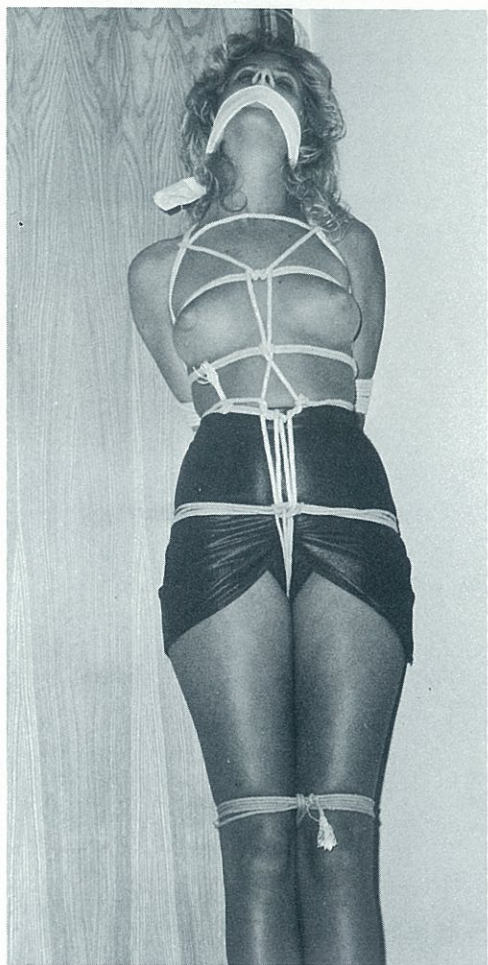




But the chaining of Tanya was only a warmup. Quickly I was back to my beloved ropes and wrapping that lovely body in a webbing of rope that is sure to please all bondage connoisseurs. It began with her arms bound behind her, elbows linked solidly with windings around her shoulders. Then her wrists were lashed to her hips and ropes run between her legs and tightened down. That is to keep the wrists from being raised up but it also provided a nice, tight feeling in a sensitive part of the female anatomy. I then wrapped her upper body in a macrame of rope, simple yet pleasing to the eye. Tie the legs firmly at the ankles and knees, and you have well-trussed up female. A cloth wadding inside her mouth held in place by another cloth strip completes this package.

While photographing her standing (and laying down after she fell), I was struck with a feeling that I had seen this package before. After looking at the prints later I realized that I had created a scene very reminiscent of some of John Willie's drawings. Looking at Tanya standing in the corner, gagged head tilted slightly to one side, proud young breasts standing out between rows of ropes, long, shapely legs bound with more rope, I was impressed with how much she resembled Sweet Gwendoline. If John Willie is looking down now (from wherever his is), I'm sure he's very pleased.









THE PERFECT PLAN

by John Savage

It was a perfect plan. I knew Bob would love it. I got the idea all by myself and figured out how to do it, too. I ran over it many times in my mind until I knew every little detail. It was easy to do and foolproof.

I picked a Saturday night. Bob usually took me out on Saturday for a nice dinner, then back to my apartment for a few hours of gloriously tight bondage and sex. For over a year Bob had been visiting my apartment every time he could get away from his wife. Fortunately, she was the director of a little playhouse and was away from home several nights a week. Also fortunately (for me), Bob really knew how to put a girl in very tight, very inescapable bondage and make her love every second of it.

Bob is such a wizard with the ropes. From our very first date, I've never been able to escape no matter how hard I try or for how long. He wraps that white cotton clothesline around my arms and legs and suddenly I'm his prisoner — helpless to prevent him from doing whatever he wants to my body.

When I decided that I wanted to give him a surprise for his birthday, it wasn't too hard to figure out what it would be. Can you imagine his surprise when he walks in and finds his little Sharon already bound and gagged, just waiting for his pleasure?

It was a very good idea, but it took me two days to figure out a way to make it work. You see, the bondage would have to be real. Neither of us would be happy with a few ropes laid on me pretending that I couldn't free myself. That would be a turn-off for both of us.

I thought and thought. I even tried a few experiments but it seemed that anything I put on I could also take off. A chain and padlock would have been too easy, besides Bob doesn't like chains, only good, honest ropes. Then it suddenly came to me! A plan so simple that it couldn't fail.

Saturday afternoon I was shopping for some of those nylons that Bob likes; the kind with the seams down the back. I was having so much trouble finding them that I didn't notice the time. Bob usually called me to confirm his coming, only this time I wasn't home yet and all he talked to was my answering machine. So I called him when I got home and he promised that he would be at my apartment at seven sharp.

I hurried through a quick shower and blow-dried my hair. There was a tight feeling in my stomach as I laid out the equipment I would need.

First off there would be no clothes. When Bob came through that bedroom door he was going to find little Sharon naked as a jaybird.

The bed had to be pushed aside so I could get at the hook. Fortunately I have a large bedroom so there was

still plenty of room after the bed was pushed aside. Bob loves variety in our bondage games so he screwed a large metal ring into the ceiling directly over the bed. Many times my arms or legs have been bound and pulled off the bed by the ring. He has even had me completely suspended over the bed while he laid down and spun me on his...

I dashed into the front room and made sure the front door was closed but unlocked. And that cute little sign I had made was in place. It said, "Surprise in Bedroom!" and had an arrow pointing the way.

Back in the bedroom, I sat on the chair, took a deep breath, and began. The first of the rope went around my knees. I wrapped it very tight. Then I wrapped the last few feet between my legs and around the other wrapping. I yanked it as tight as I could even though it really cut into my legs. I knotted the end with three good knots. I wanted Bob to be proud of me. I wanted my bondage to be as tight as his. Another piece of rope and my ankles were bound the same way.

The next step was to gag myself. Bob is a big lover of gags and is always telling me, usually just before he shoved something into my mouth, that a woman is always much more beautiful and helpless when she is gagged as well as bound. I used one of the ones that Bob likes best and I hate most: a rubber ball. It's really very simple, just a large red rubber ball with a slit cut through it and a leather strap passed through that.

I forced the ball into my mouth, then buckled the strap behind my head. For a second I was tempted to buckle it only firmly but I remembered that Bob likes the gags as tight as his ropes and I pulled it to the final notch it would reach.

You might think that the worse thing about a rubber ball gag is the way it wedges behind your teeth, crams your tongue down, and forces the jaw wide open. True, it is very uncomfortable and makes it impossible to swallow, but the worst is the taste. Rubber balls taste like hell!

Now came the only halfway difficult part. Very carefully I pulled myself up so I was standing on the chair holding on to the back for balance. I took the last piece of clothesline and tied a small loop in one end. I passed the other end through the ring and tied it very tightly with several knots. I made a larger loop from the free end and continued looping the rope until almost all of it was used up. I made sure the loops were just a little larger than my two wrists put together. I wrapped the last couple of feet around the main loop so that when I put my wrists in and pulled down they would tighten the main loops around my wrists.

It was a scary time because that was the point of no return, the point where I would really make myself helpless. As I reached up for the ropes, I noticed myself in the mirror. For a few seconds I stared at the girl there. Her naked body was fascinating. Her legs were crushed together by very tight ropes. Her jaw was crammed full of rubber ball. Her large breasts were rising and falling with her heavy breathing.

For a couple of seconds, I held my hands behind my back and pulled my elbows as close as they would go towards each other. It looked from the front very much like one of Bob's favorite ways of tying me. Except that he forces my elbows to touch and that forces my breasts a little more out and up. A painful way to be tied, but does it ever make a girl feel helpless!

But time was slipping away and the moment had come. With a deep breath, I put both wrists into the rope loops and pulled down slowly. The ropes tightened around my wrists just as I had planned. A quick check to make sure my hands were at the right height and then I pulled my legs up until all my weight was supported by my bound wrists. Quickly, before I changed my mind, I gave the chair a hard shove with my feet. It fell backwards.

There, I had done it! Exactly as I had planned. The rope had tightened around my wrists until there was just no way I could pull them out. My toes were just above the carpet so all my weight was held by my wrists. My own weight would prevent me from loosening the ropes on my wrists.

There I was hanging in the middle of my bedroom, naked and bound! I had done it. I had just tied myself up with no chance of escape. Bob would be so proud!

Even if Bob was a few minutes late, I had allowed for that too. At first I had considered standing on the chair and only jumping off when I heard Bob opening the front door. But Bob would probably hear the chair and know that I had not really tied myself up when I was alone. But I had waited until just ten minutes before he was due before I kicked the chair. And Bob was never more than a couple of minutes late.

I glanced at the clock on the dresser. Eight minutes to go. Lucky for me Bob is punctual. It would be terrible if he were really late and I had to hang around until he came. A shutter of fear ran through my body at that thought.

The feeling of helplessness was really setting in now. I had to keep telling myself that Bob would soon come through that door. It was so good to think of what he would do to my stretched-out body. He would start with my breasts. He always did. Then his hands and tongue would move down my body and do incredible things to me. That thought began sending shivers of pleasure down my body.

The clock said six minutes to go. Had it been only two minutes since I last looked?

Just for fun I lifted my legs up and tucked them under

me until the ropes around my knees became so tight that my legs wouldn't bend any more. Then I straightened them out and bent at the waist until my legs were parallel to the floor. I could hold that position only a few seconds. But it was interesting to see my legs stretched out in front of me. The muscles were trembling from the strain of holding them out and the ropes looked so tight. It was an exciting sight.

As I was lowering my legs back down I noticed my reflection in the dresser mirror. I could see the stress of this bondage position in every line of that young, taut body. That girl was so deliciously helpless. The ropes and ball gag looked so expert. A thin stream of saliva was beginning at one corner of the mouth.

I can't begin to tell you how exciting it was to not only feel the helplessness but to see it too. I made a little prayer that Bob would soon get there and do something about the state of sexual excitement I had gotten myself into and couldn't do anything about myself.

It was then the phone rang.

I think my heart stood still. A terrible feeling of apprehension swept over me. On the second ring there was a click and I remembered that I hadn't disconnected the answering machine. I found myself listening to me saying that I was not at home. I wanted to shout at the dumb machine. Couldn't it see that I was here? Just look in the bedroom, she's hanging there. I wanted to do something to make it tell the truth. Please tell whoever it is that Sharon is really home. She just can't come to the phone.

I thought I would die when I heard Bob's voice leaving a message.

"I'm surprised you're not home," he said. "But it works out OK. My wife threw a surprise party for me and I won't be able to get over to your place tonight. We'll have to wait 'til next weekend, I guess."

Damned right, I'll wait, I thought, I'm not going anywhere.

"I'll give you a call Thursday or Friday. I'm really sorry about this."

Not half as sorry as I am, was my thought.

He hung up and my heart sank.

What the hell was I going to do?

I couldn't just hang here for a week. Terrible thoughts began rushing through my mind. How long can a girl survive without food or water? What would happen to my hands after they went to sleep? Who would water the plants?

Doom and despair descended. I began to panic. Without thinking I began jerking my body against the ropes. I twisted, jumped and even threw my legs about while trying to force the ropes off. But Bob had taught me well. The ropes did not move.

Finally I could jerk no more and had to rest. As I hung limp in my bonds, I again noticed my image in the mirror. Gone was the helpless but happy girl. This girl had real apprehension in her eyes. Those stretched arms

and legs and thrust-up breasts were just the painful results of stupidity, not an exciting adventure. With the physical exhaustion I was able to do some clear thinking. The problem was simple. I had to get untied. I didn't care if I did it or someone else helped me. I didn't care if anyone saw my nakedness. I didn't even care who knew how stupid I had been in tying myself up. I just wanted out.

I had to get someone's attention. I tried the old standby of a damsel in distress, the scream. What came out was a pitifully weak whine through my nose. That damned ball blocked off almost all sound from my mouth. I tried to make noise but there isn't much you can do through your nose. A moan was the best I could do.

Next I tried to hit something with my feet but all the walls and furniture were well out of the range of my swinging feet. I tried to reach the chair with my toes but I had pushed to far.

I finally had to let my legs hang down again. The stress was beginning to show. My wrists were hurting and muscles in my arms, shoulders and back were beginning to ache. Even my legs hurt from jerking around.

I wondered how long it would be before I was silently screaming in agony from the pain.

I had thought that I knew what real helplessness was. But that had always been the kind where you can't move but you know your boyfriend will untie you when he's finished with you. This was different. This was real fear, panic and pain. It was so intense that I didn't notice at first that there was also sexual excitement.

At first it was just a clenching of the muscles in my bottom but it spread into a jerking, thrusting motion of my hips. I watched it happening to that girl in the mirror as if she were someone else. Her breasts were flushed and the nipples were standing out rigid and hard like they had never been before.

A warmth began in my private parts and slowly spread. Very soon the girl in the mirror closed her eyes and concentrated on the tingling nerves and warm glow that enveloped her whole body.

I could feel my body moving but it was as if I were not the one telling it to. My hips were jerking my bound legs around. For a while the movements were erratic, mostly thrusting of the hips as they tried to touch something. God, but I wanted to be touched! To rub my pussy against something, anything; a bedpost, the edge of the dresser, a man's hand, anything.

I opened my eyes again and looked at the poor, tormented unfortunate in the mirror. Her legs were pumping up and down as she jerked about. Just before I closed my eyes again I had the vision of a fish caught at the end of a line. The fish danced and struggled but could not escape. Soon my whole body was burning up. I wanted to rip those ropes off my legs, spread them wide and plead for someone to enter me. At some point I slipped over the edge from sexual excitement into a true sexual climax. For a long time I floated with the high, without a thought,

carried along by waves ecstasy.

But all good things must end and I came down. The room was darker. I could barely make out the hands on the clock.

Almost two hours! I should have been unhappy with myself for wasting time when I should have been trying to escape, but somehow I wasn't. I was still half drugged from the sexual high. Besides, it's hard to be unhappy when you had just gone through the most sexual experience you've ever had.

It may have made me mellow, but my mind was clearing. Without panic I could think. The key had to be my wrists. Even if I could get my legs free I would still be hanging there, just as helpless as before. The only way I could untie the rope on my wrists would be to lift them up until there was slack enough to loosen the loops. But there was no way to lift my wrists up. I tried again to reach the chair with my feet but it was hopeless.

If I only had a knife! But there was no way to cut the ropes. Or was there?

Like many women, I try to grow my fingernails as long as I can. The rope holding me to the ring was only cotton clothesline and well used clothesline at that. If I could just cut it or wear it through with my fingernails! But I knew I would have to move fast; already my fingers were partly numb and getting worse.

To make a long story short, I did cut through the rope. It cost me three broken fingernails and my hands were totally numb. I didn't actually cut the last strands of rope, my fingers had gone too numb by then. But I did weaken it enough so it parted after some hard jerking of my whole body.

I hit the floor pretty hard but I didn't mind. The next problem was a cramp in my left leg. I had to ride out the pain before I could begin freeing myself from the ropes. My fingers were so numb that they wouldn't obey so I couldn't get the ropes off my wrists that way. I had to get into a sitting position and use my toes to help unwrap the rope. My teeth would have done the job better but with numb fingers I couldn't unbuckle the strap on the gag. In a way, it was better that the gag was still in my mouth when I got the ropes off my wrists. For a full ten minutes they pained me something terrible as they woke up. Finally the pins and needles stopped and I could weakly move the fingers. I was happy to find no permanent damage done.

It was an aching Sharon who finally got the rest of the ropes off and crawled into bed.

I didn't tell Bob about how I had almost trapped myself. Maybe I'm stupid but I would still like to surprise him. And I can't get that incredible, intense ecstasy out of my mind. I find myself waking up in the middle of the night remembering it and longing...

But Sharon is no fool. I've learned from my lesson. When Bob comes in the bedroom tonight he'll find Sharon hanging and waiting for him. This time I've trimmed my nails way back!

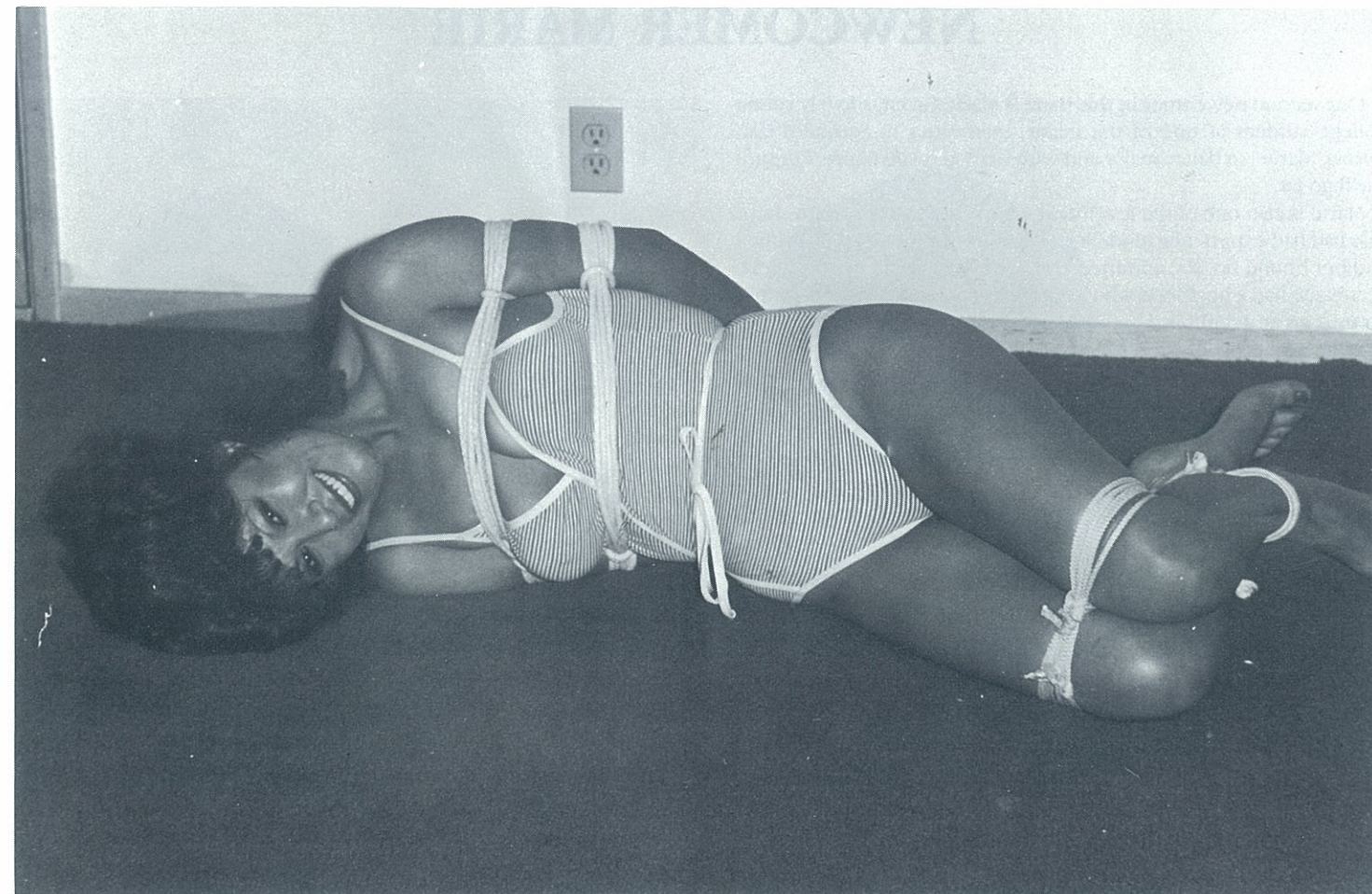
THE POLKA-DOTTED GIRL

Back in the first issue I included a short article showing a sweet girl named Susie. The article was a bit tongue-in-cheek and made fun of the polka-dotted dress she was wearing. Well, I haven't gotten too many requests for more polka-dotted dress bondage photos, but some of you like Susie and wanted to see more of her cute smile in a different kind of bondage.

Well, here you are, and here she is in a version of the old dependable hogtie. Her ankles aren't pulled too close to her wrists, just enough to keep her legs bent. She thought it amusing when I asked her if she would like to try to free herself from these ropes. I don't know if she was laughing at the absurdity of the suggestion or the ease with which she expected to be able to escape. In either case she said "Sure" and proceeded to put on a very pleasing exhibition of tossing and turning and rolling around and struggling.

After half an hour, she agreed that the ropes were stronger than she and would continue to hold her prisoner until I untied her. That's when I announced the penalty for failure to escape. You guessed it. I added a ball gag and let her spend another half hour in the bondage she had thought to escape.





NEWCOMER MARIE

Our second newcomer in this issue is Marie Grout, a lovely young college student at one of the major universities in Southern California. Marie is a dance major and with her looks and figure, I'm sure she'll go far.

Marie is also one of the few models I've had the pleasure to shoot that had had experience modeling in bondage before. The first time I had her bound up, she admitted that it was not really her first time. Seems she had a boyfriend who had this camera and...well, she didn't go into great detail but I gather that the photos taken during those sessions will probably never be published.

I enjoyed working with Marie. She has a wonderful personality and enjoys posing in ropes. She also has no small amount of acting ability. During the outdoor session where she is tied to the swingset, I asked her to imagine that she was bound there and told that she would be left the rest of the day and all night because she was a bad girl. The sad, pleading expression she put on her sweet, innocent face would make a stone statue have pity. You just knew that she was thinking and feeling what it would be like to spend the night tied to that cold metal.

When I got down the the last shot of the roll of film, I asked Marie to imagine that she had actually spent the long, lonely night tied with her legs pulled wide and her arms hooked over that bar. I asked her to pose the way she thought she would feel. She immediately slumped in her bondage as if she were asleep or exhausted. It made a nice finishing photo for that set.







ABOUT BONDAGE PARADE:

This magazine is truly "Bondage Life" without "Tielines" and "Bound for Hollywood." So if "Bondage Life" is a must for you, then so is "Bondage Parade," the magazine that is almost completely "By The People" and conveys a sense of how everyone else feels about bondage (and how everyone else looks in bondage). Probably the second finest bondage publication in the world today.

ABOUT BONDAGE PHOTO TREASURES:

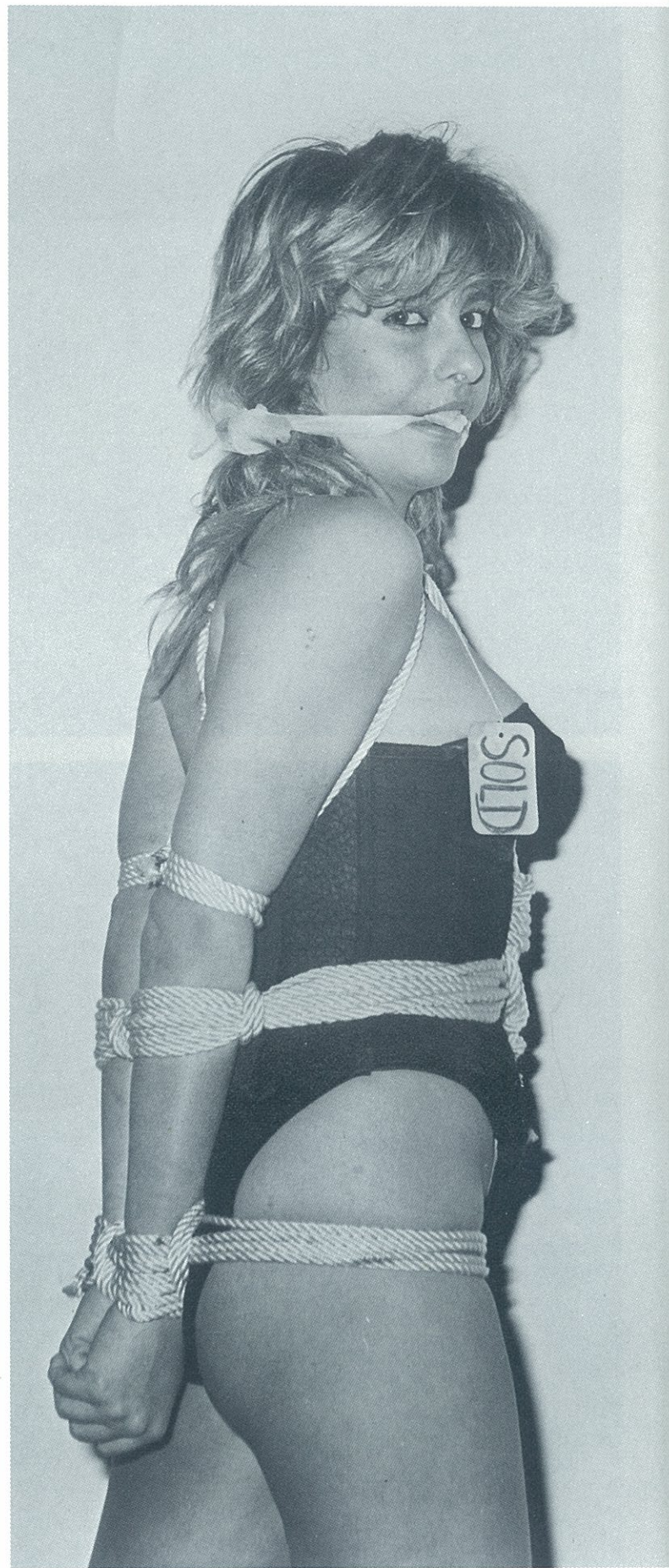
The Harmony magazine that moves forward by presenting contemporary bondage pictures while keeping an eye on the past (for those who may have missed something especially tasty back in the long-ago). A truly interesting and moody magazine designed especially for bondage collectors who need to have seen it all.

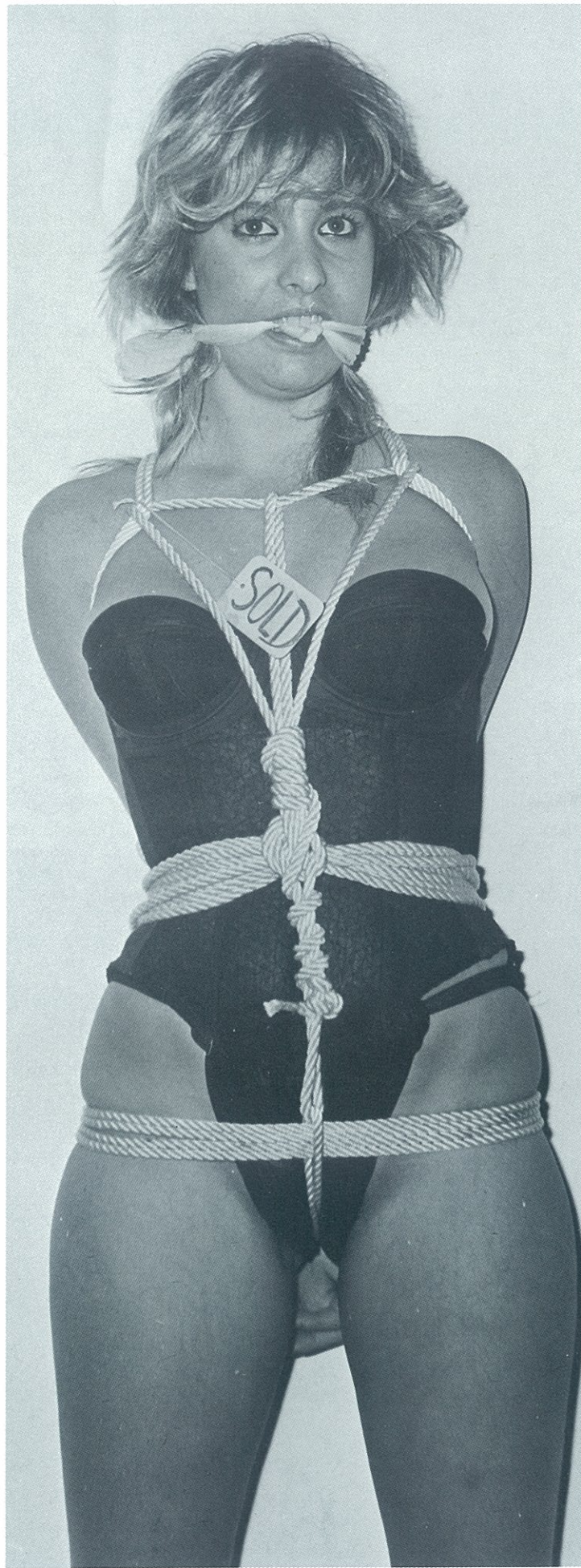


● PREVIEW ●

It's not my normal policy to include preview photos from the next issue of *John Savage's Notebooks*. But I have these lovely photos of a very lovely girl named Barbara, and I just had to include them in this issue.

You'll see a lot more of Barbara in the next issue of *JSN*. I mean a lot more. Would the old Savage lie to you? There is one series of her nude on a red satin sheet, with her elbows bound touching behind her back, that will knock your socks off!





2 SENSATIONAL NEW HOMEMADE BONDAGE VIDEOS AVAILABLE ONLY FROM HARMONY! AVAILABLE IN VHS OR BETA FORMAT — \$75 EACH POSTPAID!

WELL-TIED "GINGER" IN B-7 (1 Hour 6 Minutes Playing Time)

If you don't have a videotape machine yet, here is the program you should go out and buy one for.

For this, in our opinion, is a collection of bondages as good as any we have ever seen. No storyline, sound, nudity or bare feet, but these tie-ups and positions should be driven right on over to the Bondage Hall of Fame.

Ginger, the attractive brunette star of this tape, will be lucky if she even gets noticed; that's how hard it is to unglue your eyes from the bondage. The ties are terrific, some of the positions are real turn-ons and Ginger seems like a lady who's used to doing what she's told — she's the right female for these ties.

B-7 contains 22 different views of 12 static bondage situations. Because of the stringency of the bondage, Ginger isn't able to move much and these become scenes of barely-animated still pictures. But the pictures are so spellbinding that it doesn't matter. These are unhurried scenes, satisfying in their lengths; there are no wasted cords, this lady is there to stay.

At times, Ginger is so trussed up that she stirs memories of those old-comic-book heroines whose humorously-excessive bondages actually provoked a smile. Not much smiling here though; this lady gets trussed up just like those heroines of yore and she, like they, will definitely have to be rescued.

SCENE #1: This introductory scene opens on a pair of high-heeled shoes and then pans upwards past tightly bound ankles to display Ginger bound Gwendoline-like against a vertical post inside an ordinary apartment. She is wearing a black camisole, garters, hose and heels, and our point of view is from directly before her. Rope is wound around her upper body and her arms are behind her. She is gagged with a simple white handkerchief. Various B&D accessories can be seen hanging as wall displays.

SCENE #2: Side view of the above, showing lots of good ropework on her wrists and arms, and we see that her nylons are seamed.

SCENE #3: Back view of the preceding.

SCENE #4: Bent-over bottoms-up bondage at its best! She is still in black and is bound tightly against the post in a very stringent bent-over pose. She is also wearing black fingerless gloves and bondage wraps are everywhere.

SCENE #5: Ginger takes a seat for this one, and gets bound Sean Harper style. She is gagged and blindfolded with white materials and is bound with much rope, especially around her upper body. Her elbows are tightly tied together and cinched and her wrists are bound to her knees. Her ankles are tied, and here is an old-fashioned melodramatic scene

that some bondagers are going to stare at for hours. Things can always be better, and this superlative scene might have been made even better had the bottom half of her body been bound with the same generous efficiency as the upper half.

SCENE #6: Side view of the above. (Most of the side views are back-lighted and a touch hazy, but the actual videography is excellent.)

SCENE #7: As in the above scene, she is dressed in red lingerie. Her bondage has been altered for this scene. Still seated, her hands have now been drawn behind her and her head is pulled back—she is probably uncomfortable. Our view is from in front of her.

SCENE #8: The preceding scene as viewed from the side. The now visible arm bondage is as tight and well-wrapped as any we have seen. This bondsman is a little tough on his lady.

SCENE #9: She is standing, wearing a red camisole, gagged with white cloth. Her upper and lower chest, elbows, waist and wrists are heavily corded.

SCENE #10: From the preceding, she has been moved to the floor. She faces us, her ankles and knees are now also bound.

SCENE #11: The above has been extended to a hog-tie.

SCENE #12: An absolutely great bondage! The final expression of the preceding three scenes: she has been propped up in her hog-tie and bound upright to a post. This is bondage at its most stringent—her feet are off the ground, her elbows are pinioned tightly together, her waist has been pulled in (forcing her hips to flare out), and her full weight is on her knees. It seems like a scene that could only be drawn as an illustration.

SCENE #13: Side perspective of the preceding.

SCENE #14: Bound, gagged and blindfolded, and seated backwards in a chair, feet bound apart. Terrific! (And comfortable at last!)

SCENE #15: Backlighting and slightly hazy side view of the above.

SCENE #16: Ginger is dressed in a lacy white lingerie outfit with black gloves. She is standing, her wrists are bound tightly to her sides, and there is bondage on her elbows, thighs and ankles.

SCENE #17: Back view of preceding scene.

SCENE #18: Same outfit as in the preceding two scenes, but she is seated on the carpet. Her hands are bound behind her, she is blindfolded and her ankles have been tightly bound into a lotus-like position.

SCENE #19: Three-quarter rear angle of above.

SCENE #20: Sensational pose! A rope over a bar draws her wrists up and her feet off the ground and forces her into a sexy bottoms-up position, her weight supported by her knees. Her elbows are bound together, and not many females could endure this pose for very long.

SCENE #21: Side view of the above, one you'll remember forever.

SCENE #22: A great copycat scene of the classic Irving Klaw St. Andrew's Cross bondage of decades ago. Ginger is in white lingerie and black gloves and is spread-eagled in this absolutely smashing reenactment of one of the most famous bondage scenes of all time.

What more can we say? If you truly love the look of bondage, then you will not go wrong acquiring this stunning program of very appealing and stringent bondages.

SULTRY "BOBBIE" IN B-6



This time, we're welcomed into the pretty bondage world of Bobbie, a bonafide amateur bondage model (and Libby Curtis lookalike with a very good body), who is presented to us tied, gagged and in charming fetish-wear. This program lasts nearly an hour and features several lengthy and animated bondages with intermittent commentary from the Bound Beauty herself. There are occasional glitches and technical lapses, but the picture is always crisp and sharp and the actual photography is fine, especially for 1/2" videography.

Scene #1: Bobbie is dressed in a light colored blouse and tight black pants, a black belt and interesting high-heeled black boots. A white gag is prettily wound around her mouth and she is tightly bound at elbows, wrists, ankles, knees and chest. Plus, there is some very suggestive crotch ropery. Our lady rolls around a bit, obviously relishing her sexy bondage. Eventually, a masked female shows up to convert Bobbie's bondage into a hogtie. She leaves Bobbie to provide us with more twisting and rolling.

Scene #2: Our lady's outfit has been changed—now a very colorful leotard and tights outfit with black elbow-length gloves and high heeled boots is featured. Bobbie is tape gagged and bound by ropes at her ankles and knees and lots of rope around her upper body. The masked lady reappears and guides Bobbie onto her knees so that ropes can attach her wrists to her ankles—a hogtie. Bobbie rolls around a bit and is visited yet again by the masked lady for some minor alterations.

Scene #3: 16 minutes into the program now, and here is Bobbie in black corselette, bra, nylons, gloves, boots and a pink ball gag. Since her heels are bound to her wrists, there is a fair amount of sexy crotchiness in this one and Bobbie manages to step up her output of suggestiveness. The recurring masked lady makes an appearance to add ropes to Bobbie's upper arms and through her crotch. The camera pays some close, but inconclusive attention to a knife on the floor which will presumably be used by Bobbie whenever she cares to free herself, but nothing much comes of it.

Scene #4: Bobbie is upright this time, dressed in black lingerie, nicely gagged with white material. Crotch ropes again (all Bound Beauties should be crotch-roped, we say) and the blonde in the mask shows up to lay on some uninspired pawing. Eventually, a vibrator is used around Bobbie's more sensitive regions.

Scene #5: Bobbie is bound on her back, her ankles tied up above her head. As in the previous scene, she is wearing black lingerie, nylons, garters and boots.

Scene #6: She lies on her stomach, hogtied. Her outfit is the same as above. Irving Klaw fans will be impressed with the whole sense of this scene—the bondage, Bobbie's lovely outfit, the very good gag, and the strong visual contrast between her black outfit and the light-colored rope. Her ankles are crossed, and she is bound at wrists, elbows and upper body. The woman in the mask shows up a couple of times, once to tighten Bobbie's bondage and once to work her over lightly with the vibrator.

Scene #7: In this final scene, Bobbie is spreadeagled on a bed, tape-gagged. She grinds teasingly to afford us a peek at the white panties she is wearing beneath her blouse and skirt. The masked female comes back with the vibrator and there is the inevitable discarding of Bobbie's outer garments and more vibrator teasing.

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